

Prom

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24997201) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24997201>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream & George NotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/George NotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	George NotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF), Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	Fluff , Romantic Fluff , Love Confessions , Confessions , First Kiss , Gentle Kissing , Prom , First Dance , Slow Dancing , Mutual Pining , Stargazing , Alternate Universe - High School , no beta we die like men , Cute Ending , Happy Ending , Friends to Lovers
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of haha dreamteam highschool au go brr
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-30 Words: 4520

Prom

by [isleofdreams](#)

Summary

Prom was never a thing for George. The crowd of teenagers, combined with possibly alcoholic drinks and loud music, scares him.

Yet, this is different.

Or alternatively, two boys escape prom and eventually confess to each other.

Notes

disclaimer: these are merely Dream and George's personas (whatever public information that they've given out may be used) and please, please, please do not shove this into their faces, or ask them about dnf. they said they're okay with the ship, but if one of them do get uncomfortable with this at all, I'll take this down.

serious stuff is over. okay i dont see many (or at ALL) highschool dt AUs and i was itching to write about dnf slowdancing which is how this came about lmao

a little warning though: this might make you feel lonely (cause i sure did when i write this why do i even write fluff smh)

inspired by the song SLOW DANCING IN THE DARK by Joji

songs that made an appearance:

- Perfect by Ed Sheeran (ofc im gonna put this in smh)
- Flightless Bird, American Mouth by Iron & Wine (i love this song sm mwah)
- GB Eating GB Whilst Listening to GB by Crywank (one of the only songs that actually can calm me down tbh)
- So Will I by Ben Platt (yes im into theatre dont mind me)

feel free to listen to these songs as you read through the book!

enjoy!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Prom is boring.

George lets his eyes travel across the big hall, where bodies stand too close to each other as the sea of students attempt to dance to the latest hit song. Flashing lights blind him every second, and elated screams from girls and guys alike causes him to wince a little. His grip on the styrofoam cup tightens as he tries to calm himself down. Crowds are never George's thing, and neither are parties, but here he is, facing his worst nightmare.

He sighs, leaning back against the wall, and looks around for a familiar face. Sapnap had accompanied him here (well, more like dragged him here), but as soon as they entered the hall, he had left George to fend for himself when he spotted his girlfriend.

George didn't mind that Sapnap had ditched him; in fact, he's more than grateful that Sapnap is having fun, but he can't help but feel a little lonely as he shrinks further into the corner, with a cup of fruit punch that he's sure that it's spiked. Swirling the liquid, he looks down at it, the blue liquid glaring back at him as he tries to distract himself from the blaring music and sweaty teenagers.

“Man, you look sad.”

George's ears perk up at the familiar voice, and a smile makes its way onto his face as he realises that Dream is standing in front of him. His anxiety soothes a little as he feels himself releasing some of the tension in his posture. George scoots across the table that he has been sitting on, and Dream sits beside him.

“Who did you come with?”

“Sapnap,” George answers, and he hears Dream chuckle a little.

“Well, where is he now?”

“With his girlfriend.”

“Can't believe he chose hoes over bros,” Dream jokes. George rolls his eyes at that statement, fumbling with the hem of his blazer. “Are you bored?”

George looks out into the crowd, and shrugs. “Maybe. Parties aren't exactly my thing.”

“Why are you here, then?”

“I could say the same for you.”

Dream’s smile drops a little. “Y’know the girl who asked me out? Yeah, she went off with someone else.”

“Sorry,” George looks at Dream, who is now staring at his shoes as he swings his legs absentmindedly. “Welcome to the singles club?”

Dream laughs. “Not like I care about her, anyway. The only reason why I accepted was because I felt bad for rejecting her in front of people. Besides, I have someone else in mind.”

George raises an eyebrow, tempting Dream to spill his secret crush. Dream only looks away, and even under the gloomy lighting, George can see the blush on Dream’s cheeks. He decides to drop the subject.

“Well, since the both of us don’t want to be here...”

Dream smirks. “Are you thinking what I’m thinking?”

George sets his cup down on the surface of the table, and scoots himself off the table. Dream jumps off, abandoning his own drink as they grab their bags. Sending Sapnap a quick text to inform him that he is leaving, the both of them sneak out of the hall, away from the pounding music. They climb over the broken fence near the basketball court, and escape the vicinity of the school. George releases a breath that he doesn’t know he’s holding.

“So...”

“So...” George parrots, and looks at Dream as they make their way into the neighbourhood. “Where are we going?”

“We can go to one of ours?” Dream suggests.

“Let’s go to yours. It’s been a long time since I’ve visited.”

“Alright. Last to reach my house is a rotten egg!” Dream shouts, and makes a sudden dash forward.

“We’re not running in blazers- oh whatever,” George yells, but Dream is far too ahead to hear what he says. The competitiveness in George kicks in, and soon he’s trying to catch up to Dream, screaming at him to slow down. The wind runs her fingers through George’s hair, tousling and messing it up, while the dim street lights barely illuminate the path in front of George. He hears Dream laugh, and grits his teeth as he pushes himself forward, determined to bypass Dream although he knows it’s impossible.

Dream’s apartment isn’t located that far from their school, so they reach the building soon, with Dream in the lead (that cheating bastard). The two boys are soon panting in front of the main gate, their foreheads slick with beads of sweat. George tries to catch his breath as he slumps forward, hands on his knees, while Dream laughs.

“Dream, you’re such an idiot!”

“I still won.”

“That’s because you play football!” George complains, and he feels as if his legs are going to collapse underneath him. “This isn’t fair!”

Dream only shakes his head and smiles as he waits for the lift to descend, his dirty blonde hair resembling a bird's nest as he tries to tame it. The small 'ding' rings through the empty lobby, and Dream pushes the button labelled '14' and wheezes as George collapses against the walls, shrugging off his blazer in the process. Looking away, Dream forces himself to focus on the lift buttons in front of him instead.

The silence in the lift is somewhat awkward, and George is thankful when the lift decelerates to a stop at the fourteenth floor. Dream steps out first, leading the way as George follows.

"My parents aren't home yet, they're working night shift, so we should have the entire house to ourselves," Dream says as he wrestles with the lock, cursing slightly under his breath as the key gets stuck. "Give me a moment."

George's phone lights up, and he checks it, smiling when he sees Sapnap giving him the thumbs up emoji. Looking back up, he realises that Dream has finally unlocked the front door. He hears Dream let out a sigh of relief as the lights turn on.

"Welcome to my humble abode. Make yourself at home," Dream announces, taking his shoes off haphazardly and leaving them near the shoe rack. George, however, is more careful as he places his shoes neatly beside Dream's. He sees Dream disappear into his room, and follows suit.

As George enters the room, Dream is already lying on his bed, his bag chucked carelessly on the table beside stacks of revision papers and homework. George shakes his head, and sits beside Dream on his bed.

"So, mister quarterback, I thought you're one of the popular kids?" George asks, putting air quotations around the words 'popular kids', which earns him a scoff and an eye roll as Dream sits back up. "You're supposed to be partying your life away with your buddies."

"Okay, tech kid. First of all, I'm not 'popular,'" Dream mocks George, and ignores the 'yeah right' that George mutters under his breath. "And secondly, even if I am one of the popular kids, that doesn't mean I enjoy being in the public eye all the time."

George knows that the former is a lie. Being a sports person in a high school full of nerds definitely will boost your reputation, but to be in football, not to say attain a position as one of the main quarterbacks, is a guaranteed eye catcher. Paired with his good looks and kind heart, Dream is for sure a head turner.

George sometimes feels envious of Dream as he watches his friend grow more successful in life, but a pang of pity washes over him whenever he sees Dream get cornered by a random girl or guy, too kind to push them off or even deny them. George supposes that it isn't that bad to be invisible in the crowd when he hears Dream rant to him about how stressful and annoying it is to be put on a pedestal.

Then again, the grass is always greener on the other side.

"Whatever you say," George shrugs and stands up to make his way to Dream's closet. He opens the door, and goes to the second left drawer, where he keeps his clothes due to numerous sleepovers at Dream's house (George supposes that Dream's house can be a second home to him, but he'll never admit it out loud). He picks out a grey hoodie, white plain T-shirt and a pair of shorts, then heads towards the bathroom. "I'm going to change, don't peek."

Dream snorts as a response, and George closes the door behind him. He feels instantly more comfortable as the hoodie fits snugly against him, the warmth hugging him. Folding his prom

outfit carefully, he leaves the bathroom and goes back to Dream, only to realise that Dream has also changed into more comfortable clothes.

“Copycat,” he teases, and Dream’s eyes flicker up from his phone to land on George, an acknowledgement of his entrance. George puts the used clothes into his bag, and jumps onto Dream’s bed.

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream mumbles, scooting over so that George has some personal space. The two boys lie in bed quietly, Dream scrolling through his phone while George stares at the ceiling, admiring the glow-in-the-dark stars that he and Dream stuck on when they were seven. He closes his eyes, enjoying the peaceful atmosphere between the two.

“What do you wanna do?” Dream breaks the silence, and George feels the bed dip a little as Dream falls back onto it beside him.

“I don’t know,” George admits. “I never really thought that I’d end up here, y’know? It’s not really part of the plan.”

“What was your plan then?”

“Try to survive the entire night with loud music and possibly drunk kids.”

Dream laughs.

“How about you?” George returns the question, and looks at Dream, taking in the way Dream’s eyes seem to reflect the light from the nearby nightstand, and the way Dream’s hair fell in front of his eyes, causing him to push it up. Dream only shrugs at his question.

“Not look awkward, I guess.”

“Huh,” George looks back up at the stars, counting them mentally in the process.

“Don’t you feel kinda sad?”

“About what?”

“Y’know, not being able to enjoy prom. I mean, prom’s supposed to be like, a milestone, I guess? Like it’s supposed to be an event where you can enjoy yourself with your friends or your partner or whatever, but here we are in my room. I dunno, just a thought. It’s supposed to be special,” Dream rambles.

“Well, when you’re only acquaintances with half of the school population, and with half of them only realising you’re there when they need your help, I wasn’t expecting much from prom. Besides, crowds aren’t my thing, remember?” George’s heart races as he sees Dream look at him in his peripheral vision, and he feels self-conscious all of a sudden. “Plus, I don’t know how to dance.”

“Do you wanna know how?”

“What?” George turns and stares at Dream, whose face is bright red from the suggestion as he avoids eye contact with George.

“Y’know what, nevermind that’s stupid-”

“No, I mean… it’d be great if I learn how to, I guess.” George sits up, and looks around the slightly

messy room. “Uhm...”

“I know a place. Follow me,” Dream hops off the bed, and offers a hand to George. George takes it as he slides down the bed and onto his feet, Dream’s hand wrapping around George’s as they leave the house.

Their hands leave each others’ as Dream locks the door behind him, and George is already missing the warmth. He shoves his hands into his hoodie pockets instead, not wanting to seem desperate as he looks around the surroundings in an attempt to distract himself. Dream leads him to a nearby staircase, and as he pushes open the emergency door, George feels his arms prickling with fear, goosebumps rising involuntarily.

Dream seems to notice the short halt in George’s movements, but he doesn’t blame him. The dimly lit surroundings, coupled with vandalism sprayed across the cracked beige walls and a strange smell of cigarettes will definitely scare any newcomers. He holds out his hand instead.

“I promise you it’s safe.”

“Doesn’t seem promising enough,” George mumbles, but still accepts Dream’s hand anyway, letting his eyes linger on the painted words for a few moments too long as he barely misses the second highest step. He stumbles forward. His heart lurches, his right hand bracing for impact, but he feels fingers on his arm instead as he regains his balance. Dream assists in getting him back up, laughing in the process.

“What happened back there?”

“Blanked out. Thanks,” George smiles, and Dream merely gives him a smirk.

Their path is blocked by a black, rusty gate. George raises an eyebrow as Dream lets go of his hand. The red stop sign is blackened out by spray paint, spelling out the words ‘FUCK YOU’.

“Someone must hate stop signs here.”

“Can’t argue with that.” Dream puts his arms through the gaps of the gate, and shifts his weight onto his right foot. He pokes his tongue out as he concentrates on unlocking the gate, and when he finally does, lets out a proud grin. The gate creaks loudly as Dream pulls it open, George wincing at the sharp noise.

“Are you sure this is legal?” George asks, his eyes travelling up to... more stairs. He has an idea on where they’re going, and his guess is confirmed as he rounds the stairways to see Dream push open a door that leads to the rooftop.

“Nope, but no one comes up here anyway, so we’re safe,” Dream reassures George, and a chill breeze hits both boys once they expose themselves on the flat surface above the building. Dream turns around and faces George, walking backwards in the process. “Welcome to my hideout.”

“Your hideout sucks, dude. Normally people have their hideouts in their rooms or something, but you led me through a murder staircase. This isn’t even technically legal!” George speaks, but his smile betrays his true feelings anyway as he scans the area. A few wooden crates sit near the brick walls, beside them soft drink cans that are abandoned by their owners, but apart from those, the area seems relatively clean. Flimsy metal rods act as a barrier to prevent people from jumping, but George doubts those will stop them, seeing as how weak they are.

“How is it so clean here?” George follows Dream as they go near the crates, pulling the hem of his hoodie down so that it goes past his shorts. He pulls the sleeves further down his hands.

“I cleaned it, duh. I’m not gonna vibe in a dumpster.”

Dream opens one of the crates, and pulls out a pair of speakers. Brushing off some of the wood dusts, he brings them to the nearby open area, setting them on the concrete floor. He connects the speakers to his phone, and turns to George, holding his phone out.

“Pick a song. Preferably a slow one, because I’m not boutta teach you tap dance.”

George rolls his eyes at Dream’s comment, accepting the phone from Dream. His mind blanks for a moment as he tries to think of a song on top of his head, and passes the phone back to Dream instead.

“Uh, you can choose first.”

“Idiot,” Dream takes his phone back, and George watches as the light from his phone illuminates Dream’s face, enhancing his features further. Once he places his phone down, Dream extends his hand towards George, a familiar voice filling in the silence.

“Seriously? Ed Sheeran?”

“Do you want me to teach you or not?”

George stays silent as he accepts Dream’s hand, an action that speaks louder than words. Dream puts a hand on George’s hips, while George places his on Dream’s shoulder, and they’re so, so close to each other. Their breaths mingle in between them, and George’s uncertain gaze meets Dream’s soft yet determined ones.

“Okay, so. Follow my steps,” Dream whispers, and takes a step to the right. George reciprocates Dream’s movements, his eyes glancing downwards to make sure that he’s getting it right. Dream steps to the left afterwards, and soon George is getting the hang of it. He looks back up at Dream smiling, his heart skipping a beat as he sees how fondly Dream is looking at him.

“See, you’re getting it.”

“I am, indeed,” George replies.

The familiar feeling of bubbles return to his stomach, the feeling whenever he catches Dream looking at him in the middle of class, whenever he spots Dream in the hallways. The feeling of nervousness and giddiness mixed together, creating a pot of fuzziness in him. It takes over his abdomen first, then his chest, and soon it blooms across his entire body, and he doesn’t know how to cope with his feelings for Dream as the pressure on his palms reminds him that their fingers are intertwined together.

We are still kids, but we’re so in love

“What’s on your mind?”

“What?” George snaps out of his daze, and pushes the urge to close the gap between him and Dream back down his throat.

“You always have this look when you’re... thinking,” Dream says as they continue to sway in the dark.

“Nothing,” George grins, and Dream rolls his eyes.

“C’mon, I showed you my hideout, and you can’t even tell me what you’re thinking about?” Dream pouts, his eyes widening a little, and George almost loses it. He barely holds his composure as he misses Dream’s feet by an inch.

“Dear god, do not ever give me that look again,” George mumbles, looking down, and he feels Dream’s breath on him as he laughs. “You.”

“Huh?”

“I’m... I’m thinking about you,” George confesses, feeling the familiar heat rise to his cheeks. He hears Dream take in a sharp breath, mumbling something, but George is unable to capture the words as they fly from his grasp and into the cool night air.

Baby, I’m dancing in the dark, with you between my arms

“Why were you thinking about me anyway?” Dream asks, a light pink dusting his cheeks, his thoughts incoherent as he replays George’s words in his head. *He’s thinking about me.*

“I don’t know, because you’re just standing here, when we’re supposed to be at prom, and I... I don’t know, I feel happy, I guess,” George says, letting his feelings out. Dream squeezes George’s hand, and he squeezes back.

“Well, this can be our private prom, if you’d like,” Dream smiles as the music fades away, the song coming to an end. Dream steps behind, widening the distance between them, and George almost feels disappointed, but Dream comes back with his phone instead, giving it to George. “Do you want to continue dancing, or?”

George takes the phone, and types out a song he remembers. “We can continue later? I kinda wanna just sit down for a bit, y’know?”

Dream goes back to the crate, and returns with a picnic mat. He lays the piece of cloth near the speakers, and lies down, patting the empty spot beside him. George lowers himself down, his back touching the hard surface as he shifts around to find a comfortable position, humming to the song.

“Twilight songs? Really?” Dream mocks George, and George hits him in the shoulder, chuckling in the process. Settling down, he looks up into the night sky, admiring the view.

In George’s opinion, night skies are way better than sunrises or sunsets. The latter goes by way too quickly for his liking, and with his color blindness, he can never fully appreciate the colours that the sun emits. However, night skies allow him to enjoy the view for hours, and the twinkling stars remind him that he’s not alone in this universe. The dark blue scenery calms him down, giving him a sense of peace and serenity.

Have I found you? Flightless bird

Today is a little different. He feels as if he’s invading someone else’s important moment as he watches the stars. Maybe it’s because of the way Dream looks at him when they are slow dancing, or the way that Dream’s grip tightens just a little when he surrenders his thoughts, or the way Dream’s fingers are perfectly tangled with his. The way Dream laughs a little too loud whenever George is around, or the way his own heart seems to pound too quickly whenever Dream touches him, or the way his stomach bubbles with jealousy whenever he sees somebody else flirting with Dream in the hallways.

George isn’t stupid, but he is insecure and unsure, so one Friday night, he called Sapnap out of panic as he spills his own feelings out, close to tears. Sapnap listened, and after calming George

down, admitted that Dream had told him about his own feelings towards George. Later, he encourages George to confess.

And George did, almost did. He wanted to tell Dream of his true feelings, yet he never seemed to be able to find a perfect time for it. Dream is always surrounded by people, both teachers and students alike, and George, being the coward that he is, never dared to approach Dream. Instead, he stood in the shadows, watching as Dream got approached and cornered by interested students, weak and helpless.

Or lost you? American mouth

When Dream told them that he had found a prom partner, George's heart shattered. Yet, he gave Dream a smile, congratulated him, and excused himself to the bathroom in order to cry his heart out.

He never expected today to end up like this at all. They were supposed to be at prom, and Dream was supposed to be with that girl he had accepted, go to the afterparty, get drunk or even get a girlfriend, while George was supposed to cower in the shadows like the coward he is, watching everyone have fun as he dealt with his fear of crowds, anxiety spiking until he isn't able to handle it anymore, and spend the rest of the day playing video games like the loser he is.

But here he is anyway, lying on a shitty picnic mat beside Dream as they stargaze, their fingers brushing against each other's slightly while a Twilight song plays in the background.

“So,” he clears his throat, ruining the quiet atmosphere between the two of them. “Who’s the lucky person?”

“What do you mean?”

“You said you had someone in mind. At prom. Care to share?” George pushes a little, and he feels his heart rate accelerating again. *What if it isn’t him? What if Sapnap misheard, or he changed?*

He should still be happy for Dream, or even encourage him to go for them. It doesn’t matter if his heart is broken or not, because he wants Dream to be happy.

“Uh...”

A new song fades in as autoplay does it’s job, and it’s something that George recognises. Despite the confirmation of Dream’s feelings from Sapnap, his low confidence tells him that it might not even be him at all. The familiar strum of a guitar calms George down slightly.

Enthusiastic beyond belief. In a busy room, you’re all I see.

“Promise me you won’t get mad?” Dream’s voice is barely a whisper, and the speakers make it hard to decipher the words, but George clings onto them anyway, holding onto them like it’s his lifeline.

“I promise.” *God, you have no idea.*

“Alright, uh,” Dream stutters a little, and out of instinct, George reaches out and holds Dream’s hand, rubbing his thumb across Dream’s knuckles. The sparks return, and George is suddenly nervous. Dream seems to relax a little at his touch.

“It’s you.” The words stumble out of Dream’s mouth so quickly that George isn’t sure that he’s caught them. He sits in silence, digesting what Dream has said.

It's him.

Dream's hand escapes from George's grip. "I'm sorry, uh-"

"No, wait!" George's fingers chase back Dream's, the blush in his cheeks returning as he entwines them. "I... I like you too." He pulls the side of his hood over his face, trying to cover himself in embarrassment.

A pair of hands hold his as they expose George's face to the breeze, and Dream is looking at him in a way that makes his stomach burst with butterflies.

Would it be cruel, be cruel, be cruel, to let my eyes return to you?

They sit and look at each other under the starlight, unable to tear their gaze from each other. The situation feels so romantic and private that George almost can't believe it's happening to him, and it feels like he's spectating whatever's happening to himself. A giggle escapes his lips, a small but fond smile on Dream's face.

"Do you want us to be together?" Dream asks, his voice trembling a little, but whether it's because of the cold or his nervousness George can't tell.

"Yes, you idiot!"

"Then, uh..." Dream licks his lips as he looks away, holding George's hand again. George's eyes flicker down, and back up at Dream's face, an irresistible urge to kiss him washing over him. He holds Dream's face in his hand as Dream turns to look at him, and his gaze lingers on Dream's lips.

"Can I?"

Dream closes the gap between them.

It almost feels so surreal and overwhelming that George has to close his eyes. The bubbles in his stomach finally pop, and the butterflies go crazy as they seem to take over his body. Dream moves against him, pushing their bodies closer, closer and closer, until they are pressed up against each other and George is tilting his face to access Dream better. Sparks fly and George doesn't realise he's not breathing until he has to gasp for air as soon as they break apart.

You say what if I go crazy? I say, that ain't gonna happen.

Red-faced and out of breath, they stare at each other, and Dream grins, leaning in to kiss George on the nose. George feels how hard Dream is breathing and how hard Dream's heart is pounding, and he wraps his arms around Dream, burying his nose into Dream's shoulder.

Processing what just happened, they both sit in silence in each other's arms. George nuzzles Dream, laughing.

"What's so funny?"

"I can't believe that just happened," George mumbles, his words muffled by Dream's clothes. Dream pulls George away, just a tiny bit of space between them, and looks at George, eyes clouded with love. George feels weak under Dream's gaze, his insides turning into jelly.

I know you'll always be there, and so will I

"Well, if I do that again will you believe it?"

This time, George leans in first.

*

“Hey, mum? I’m staying at Dream’s place tonight.”

“Oh, honey, tell Dream I say hi,” George’s mum replies, the faint hum of the washing machine in the background. “How’s prom?”

George looks beside him, a pair of arms wrapped around his torso as Dream snuggles closer into him. He laughs softly, and Dream’s hold on him tightens just a little.

“Prom’s great.”

End Notes

im glad you made it here!

shoutout to @cordeliasept for listening to me scream about this oneshot as well as give me more ideas on this! (funny moment: i was torn between making a sad and a happy ending, but realised that i had mentioned few para above that dream indeed does have feelings for george and panicked over it for nothing lmao she can confirm this happened)

also honourable mentions of songs that i wanted to put in but didnt:

- Be My Mistake by The 1975
- The Night We Met by Lord Huron
- Lay Me Down by Sam Smith

this oneshot took me about three to four days to write god but im so glad i got this out

also i searched for dream's qna but apparently he took it down bc of privacy claims or sumn but yeah correct me if im wrong but i remember dream mentioning that he used to be on sports?? i dont know whetehr its football or not can someone confirm lol

but yeah, hope you guys enjoyed this!

my twitter: ISLE0FDREAM

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!